R Corp. 4th Pack Reindeer Ishmael

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/62736880.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Categories:
F/F, F/M

Fandom:
Limbus Company (Video Game)

Relationship:
Ishmael (Limbus Company)/Reader

Characters:
Ishmael (Limbus Company), Reader

Additional Tags:
Electricity, Shock, Masochism, Armor, Sensation Play, Nosebleed

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-02-03 Words: 7,673 Chapters: 1/?

R Corp. 4th Pack Reindeer Ishmael

by Bordementions

Summary

She’s sure that she’ll find a lead on what she is seeking.
As for what that may be, well, it’s not the most enjoyable thing to discuss right now.
Perhaps another time, if we find the chance to.

Notes

WHO WANTS SOME ELECTROPLAY GRAHHHHHHHHHH

Disc server
https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

You never saw the bolt coming.

One second, you were clearing out the perimeter alongside your squad, bullets ripping through the air in a steady rhythm, the synchronized chorus of gunfire blending seamlessly with the distant screams and the crackling of distant energy discharges. The battlefield was alive with chaos, the air thick with the acrid scent of burnt metal and scorched flesh, the faint hum of a nearby R-Corp suppression drone underscoring the symphony of violence. Your hands were steady on your weapon, your breath controlled, your heartbeat an unrelenting drum against your ribs. The Rabbit Team moved with trained precision—extermination was second nature, another day spent painting the ground red with enemy remains.

Then, everything ruptured into unbearable, blinding agony.

White-hot lightning seared through your skull, detonating behind your eyes with the force of a rupture charge. It wasn't just pain—it was something deeper, something primal, a raw and undiluted surge of power that didn't just strike you but consumed you, threading itself into your very nerves like an invasive, foreign force rewriting the nature of your existence. Your body ceased to belong to you. Every muscle locked, seized, and rebelled against your will, your limbs jerking wildly as if they were no longer yours to control. You weren't even sure if you were still breathing, if your lungs still functioned beneath the overwhelming seizure of sensation.

Your vision shattered, static overtaking your sight like a distortion filter from a malfunctioning visual augment. Your ears rang with a deafening screech, a noise so sharp and all-consuming that it drowned out the battlefield entirely. Even the screams, the explosions, the mechanical whirring of Rhino armor—everything dulled beneatah the unbearable, high-pitched resonance drilling straight into your skull. There was a moment, suspended in the abyss, where you weren't certain if you were alive or dead.

Then you hit the ground, and reality snapped back like a freight train.

Hard. Your body crumpled like a marionette with its strings severed, the impact jarring what little sense you had left. Limbs twitched, unresponsive, caught in an endless loop of spasms, muscles jerking with each residual pulse of electricity still echoing through your

nervous system. The world was a swirling mass of blurred shapes and distorted sound, every detail warped and stretched like an overexposed reel of memory. Thoughts refused to take shape, every attempt at cognition slipping through your fingers like sand.

Everything was raw, overwhelming sensation. Every nerve in your body still hummed with the lingering traces of that otherworldly energy, as if you had been dipped into an ocean of pure, crackling voltage and left there to drown. Pain should have been the dominant feeling—but it wasn't. Beneath the torment, beneath the still-burning remnants of the strike that had shattered your thoughts, there was something else.

Pleasure.

And you couldn't tell if it terrified you or enthralled you.

"Shit."

The voice was low and unnervingly calm, the sort of voice that carried the weight of experience and indifference, as if the speaker had long since stopped being impressed by anything at all. "Didn't mean to hit you. Thought you Rabbits had better reaction time."

For a moment, you couldn't even comprehend the words. They were distant, abstract—faint and almost unnecessary as you lay there, wrecked and broken. Your mind was scrambled beyond coherence, neurons firing in erratic patterns, as if the electric pulse that had ravaged your system was still trying to reassert control over your consciousness. The world around you swam in a blur of static and fragmented images. You couldn't even remember what had happened before that strike. You just layed there, your eyes dulled over at the phantom feeling of it still in you. Nose bleeding from the sheer violent heat that ran through your blood vessels.

You should've been focusing on the pain, on the wreckage that was your body, but there was something else. The sensations that remained after the burst of energy—those were all that anchored you. The aftershock crackled beneath your skin, lingering and unwilling to let go. The low hum, like the faintest whispers of a storm, danced across your skin, leaving you hollowed out and tingling in ways you couldn't quite place. It should have been unbearable, should have left you gasping for air, should have made you want to tear your skin off to escape the intrusion.

But it didn't.

It did the opposite.

You shuddered involuntarily, your body's reaction not driven by pain but by adrenaline There was a thrill to it, something in the sheer ferocity of the energy that left you aching for more, like someone parched suddenly dunked into an ocean of potent electricity and being left there to drown. You couldn't explain it, but that feeling made the pain... bearable. Made it palatable.

Your vision began to swim back into focus—slowly, distorted, as though your eyes were struggling to reorient themselves to a world that was both familiar and alien.

And then, you saw her.

She stood above you, her towering presence framed by the faint glow of her exosuit. The Reindeer of your pack, Ishmael. Even without seeing her full features, you knew it was her—the unmistakable silhouette of a high-tier soldier of R-Corp. Her armored exosuit was sleek and utilitarian, designed for efficiency, to channel the unstable energy from her brainwaves. The dark metallic plating of her shoulders and chest bore the faint gleam of light, reflecting off the polished surface in sharp angles. The design was stark, almost clinical, the function of the suit woven into every curve and line.

But what really drew your attention—what caught you like a magnet —was the faint, eerie pulse of her antlers, glowing a dim but unmistakable orange. The energy, residual but persistent, hummed like a live wire. Each flicker was menacing, as if the antlers themselves were about to strike you down for simply looking at them

Her staff—still crackling with the last remnants of the energy from the mind whip was held loosely in her grasp. The arc of electricity tracing along its length in subtle ripples. Even now, there was a trace of power left in the weapon, a final buzz of vitality, and you could feel its warmth from where you lay. The same force that had obliterated your senses was still present, as if it was lingering.

And there she stood—unmoving, unfeeling, scrutinizing you with that same quiet judgment.

Even through the tinted viion, you felt the weight of her gaze. She was staring down at you as though she could see straight through you. Her silence spoke louder than any words could. You could feel it like a pressure on your chest, like her attention alone was enough to crush you.

And yet, despite everything, you couldn't look away.

You should have been angry. Every instinct screamed that you should be, that you should rise up, snap, take her head off with your words. A Reindeer misfiring like that on a battlefield wasn't just a minor mistake—it was an oversight that could have ended your life. A single misstep from someone at her level, someone wielding the weapon that dangerous, and you wouldn't be lying here. But the anger? It wouldn't come. Not in the way you expected it to.

Instead, your mind wandered back to the electric surge that had taken over your body—the aftershock still thrumming through your limbs, leaving the raw crackle of energy dancing along your skin like the fading echo of some forgotten thunderstorm. It should've been unbearable, should've torn you apart from the inside out. But there was a strange euphoria to it, an addictive quality that burned through the pain. The more it resonated in your nerves, the more it called to you, and the harder it became to focus on anything but that sensation.

The mind-warping aftershocks were still with you, weaving through your thoughts, keeping you from grasping onto reality for too long. Your heartbeat stumbled, erratic like the electricity still surging beneath your skin, but it was alive with a kind of wildness that no ordinary battle wound could ever give you.

You swallowed hard, vision flickering in and out like a malfunctioning machine, trying to realign itself. You fought for control, each movement sluggish, like your limbs were still caught in the aftereffects of an explosion that had detonated too close. But somehow, you found the strength to grin—weak, almost manic, but a grin all the same.

"Do it again."

It wasn't a plea. It was a request. A command wrapped in the casual words of someone who didn't quite realize what they were asking for, or maybe knew exactly what they were asking for.

A flicker passed over Ishmael's face, something subtle but unmistakable—maybe mild disbelief, maybe the beginnings of irritation, or maybe it was just the sheer absurdity of your request that was starting to get to her.

"No," she said flatly.

The simple refusal cut through you like a knife, but you weren't

deterred. The refusal only made you more determined, more focused. If she thought she could brush you off that easily, she didn't know who she was dealing with. Not that you had a clear idea of why this mattered so much, why this mattered at all. Maybe it was the raw, untapped energy she had unleashed in you. Maybe it was the way her presence loomed over you, made your every movement seem insignificant compared to the power she wielded so effortlessly. Or maybe it was just the undeniable pull of something you couldn't understand.

"C'mon, just for training purposes." You pushed the words out, your voice still shaky as you struggled to find your balance. "I took that hit pretty well, didn't I? If I build up resistance—"

"That's not how nerves work," she cut you off, her tone flat, dismissive. "Or training. Or common sense."

Her voice was like the sound of a door slamming shut in your face, cold and final. But you weren't going to stop. You couldn't.

You forced yourself into a seated position, your body protesting with every movement, the aftershocks still rolling through your spine and limbs. Your heart raced as your breath staggered. It felt like you were still half in the grip of whatever had electrified your nerves, but there was something else now—a sense of clarity, a sense of obsession. You weren't even sure if it was the energy, the pain, or something deeper still, but you needed it. Needed more.

"I could get used to it," you said, your voice low, almost coaxing, as you forced your body upright, ignoring the weakness that threatened to pull you back down. "Think about it—if I could take a mind whip without dropping, that'd make me way more durable in the field. Right?"

You let the words settle in the air between you, a challenge, a claim, an invitation to test your limits. You weren't just some expendable Rabbit anymore. Not if you could make yourself more.

You pushed yourself further up, despite the sluggishness in your limbs, despite the ever-present hum of electricity that still gripped your skin like a lingering ghost. Your body refused to listen to your brain, and yet, there you were—eyes locked on her, feeling the blood pounding in your temples, the wild rhythm of your heart thudding against your chest.

"Rabbits don't break easy," you added, voice gaining a hint of the

defiance you'd been so accustomed to.

Ishmael's eyes narrowed, her expression hardening. She wasn't as unmoved as she pretended. You saw the flicker of curiosity behind her cool exterior, the faint tug in her posture as she watched you. You had struck a nerve, even if she refused to admit it.

For a moment, the air between you seemed to stretch out. The stillness of the room pressed in, the only sound the quiet hum of the building's life-support systems. It was as if the world had paused, waiting for her response, for the next action to fall into place.

Ishmael exhaled sharply, her breath cutting through the tension like a blade. "Rabbits don't think either, apparently."

That one sentence stuck with you, like a bitter pill lodged in your throat. She had no idea what you were after. No idea why the taste of electricity still buzzed in your veins, why the sensation lingered, haunting you even now.

While her wordsrung true in a way, there was a flicker of something else behind them—something almost like recognition. She wasn't going to admit it, but part of her had understood exactly what you were asking for. Maybe not consciously, but you could see it in her eyes as she glanced at you one last time. That ghost of a smirk, fleeting and almost imperceptible, as if she'd seen through the mask of your casual request and understood the truth beneath.

But she turned away before you could press further. The conversation, at least for now, was over.

But that didn't mean you were done.

You watched her walk away, her armor reflecting the dim light of the base, the weight of her presence still palpable in the empty space between you. A part of you, deep inside, was sure that this wasn't the end. Not yet.

The sensation, the crackling energy still clinging to you like a second skin—it wasn't just an aftershock. It was something more. Something raw and powerful, like the pulse of life itself coursing through your veins. Your muscles ached, but it wasn't the fatigue that gnawed at you. It was the emptiness, the hollow spot inside you that only that violent energy had been able to fill. The pain—it was just the gateway. You knew that now.

Back at base, the feeling hadn't faded. If anything, it had only grown stronger. The phantom crackle of the mind qhip hummed under your skin, a quiet reminder of what had happened, of the power you'd tasted. Your body ached from the mission, the grueling hours spent clearing out enemy positions, but your mind? Your mind was restless. You needed more. You needed to feel it again, to know what it meant to survive it. To be changed by it.

Your footsteps echoed in the empty halls as you made your way toward the armory. The cold metal walls felt distant, somehow, as if they were part of a world you no longer belonged to. But there, in the corner, was Ishmael. She was standing still, her suit powered down but still imposing, a silent monolith of controlled power. The faint glow of her antlers cast long shadows across the room, flickering, calling.

She glanced up as you approached, her expression unreadable, but there was something in her eyes. A look of recognition. Of knowing what was coming before you even spoke.

You didn't have to say anything. She already knew.

"No," Ishmael said flatly, the single syllable putting a full stop in your step.

You didn't flinch. There was no point. You'd anticipated this. It wasn't a simple request this time, and it wasn't about just surviving a training session. You were prepared to push further.

"You don't even know what I was going to say." Your voice was steady, even though your heart pounded louder with every step closer you took to her.

"I don't need to," she shot back, her voice slightly annoyed. "I know exactly what you're going to say." Her eyes narrowed, and she crossed her arms, looking at you with an expression of unimpressed disbelief. "You want me to shock you again."

The words shouldn't have been as much of a relief as they were. But somehow, hearing her finally admit it—acknowledge it—set something free inside you. You weren't crazy. At least not in the way she thought. You just had a different understanding of what strength meant, what it required.

You grinned, a wild, reckless thing that you couldn't suppress. "For training."

She let out a slow, measured breath, her expression giving way to acceptance. "You're really serious about this?"

"Absolutely." You leaned in slightly, the anticipation thrumming beneath your skin. "You saw how I handled it last time. If I keep at it, I'll get better. More resistant. It's practical."

Ishmael studied you for a long moment, weighing your words with that same cool detachment. Finally, she sighed and shook her head. "Fine. But only once. And if you drop, I'm leaving you there."

Victory.

You followed her through the winding corridors of the base, the sterile lighting overhead buzzing softly as the two of you entered the training room. It was empty at this hour—no one else was foolish enough to be running drills post-mission. The perfect setting.

When you reached the door, Ishmael pushed it open with a sharp motion. The room inside was dimly lit, the harsh fluorescent lights casting long shadows against the walls. You could see the faint glimmer of her armored suit, her presence still imposing even without the buzz of combat surrounding her. The air was thick with the scent of antiseptic, they must have just recently cleaned.

Ishmael turned to face you then, her stance casual but deceptively so. You could tell her grip on her staff was firm, steady, as if preparing for the kickback already. The energy along the length of the staff flickered and pulsed faintly, like a sleeping beast ready to wake at her command. The weapon seemed to hum in response to her touch, its power contained but ever-present, waiting for release.

Her eyes locked onto yours, studying you one final time as if trying to decide whether you truly understood the gravity of what you were asking. "You sure about this?" Her voice was low, almost as if she was testing your resolve.

You squared your shoulders, standing tall despite the still-throbbing ache in your muscles from the previous battle. This was it. You didn't have time for doubt. "Hit me."

There was no hesitation. No pause. Just a flick of her wrist, and the staff came to life in an instant. The air around you hummed with raw

energy as arcs of electricity crackled up its length, radiating with dangerous intent. The power in the air shifted, buzzing with an unnatural charge that seemed to thrum against your skin, making every nerve in your body stand at attention.

Before you could even blink, she thrusted the staff forward.

The snap of energy slicing through the air was deafening.

The strike was so precise, so clean, that you barely had time to react. The mind whip lashed through the air like a living thing, its tendrils of electricity targeting you with a deadly accuracy. It struck you dead center, the power surging into your body like a tidal wave. For a moment, you felt like you were floating in space, weightless and adrift —until the world came crashing down.

For that split second, there was nothing.

It was as if time had come to a halt, leaving you suspended in a place between moments, where everything was still and silent. No pain. No sound. Just an endless void, a blank slate. You didn't know if you were alive or dead, if you even existed. It was the purest, most terrifying moment of nothingness you'd ever felt.

And then, with a shattering crack, it all came rushing back.

The jolt of energy hit you like a freight train. Every cell in your body ignited, your nervous system lighting up like a network of live wires. It was the most intense, excruciating thing you'd ever experienced, but somewhere beneath the blinding agony, was oure unfettered pleasure. Your mind struggled to process it—this pain, this brutal, unforgiving force—but it wasn't just pain. No, it was power. The kind of power that surged into your bones and made you feel alive in a way you never had before on that battlefield.

It consumed you. Your body spasmed uncontrollably as the energy writhed beneath your skin. Your heart hammered in your chest, pumping adrenaline through your veins, but the crackling energy overwhelmed everything. Your vision blurred, distorted, and for a moment, all you could do was gasp for air, trying to ground yourself in the chaos. Every muscle in your body locked, your limbs refusing to obey as you collapsed to the floor. The world spun around you, a vortex of lights and sounds that only added to the overwhelming disorientation.

And yet, in the midst of the agony, something deep within you

responded to it. It wasn't fear. It wasn't desperation. It was an almost sickening sense of pleasure, a rush that surged through your body, making the pain feel almost... exhilarating. It was the kind of thing you couldn't explain, couldn't put into words, but it made you want more.

Then, as your body twitched on the floor, struggling to regain control, you heard her voice again—cool, detached, and yet laced with a hint of disbelief.

"For real?" she muttered, her voice a low drawl, almost impressed. "Didn't think you'd still be conscious after that."

The words barely registered. You could feel the pulse of the electricity still thrumming through you, lingering in every part of your body, like a heartbeat. Despite everything, you managed to keep smiling. Your body ached. Every fiber of your being screamed for respite. But all you could focus on was the crackle, the sharp hum of energy still dancing through your veins, and the question that burned at the back of your mind.

You needed to know if you could take more.

"Do it again," you managed to rasp, your voice thick and broken.

Ishmael stood over you, her expression told you that she was thinking about something.

Your vision swam, everything a blur of sensation and aftershock. Your limbs shook uncontrollably, every muscle trembling under the weight of the energy still surging through you. The world around you seemed like it was twisting in on itself, a whirlwind of lights and shadows. You felt raw. Exposed. Every nerve felt alive in a way you had never imagined before, and your body was nothing but a trembling wreck caught in the wake of the assault.

Somewhere, distant and disconnected from your world of pain, you heard Ishmael's sigh.

And then, the sound of her laughter broke through the haze. It was sharp, knowing, as if she had just pieced together a puzzle. "Oh. I get it now."

You barely had the strength to lift your head, your vision still too blurred to focus on her, but the sound of her footsteps as she walked around you was all the more enhanced. And then, her silhouette

loomed above you, blocking out the little light that had remained in your view. When she spoke again, her tone was not the detached coldness you had grown used to. No, this was something far more dangerous—mocking, smug, and absolutely certain.

"You're not doing this for training, are you?" Her voice dropped into a teasing rhythm, full of amusement. "You just like it."

The words struck you like a slap, and for a fleeting moment, you felt a rush of shame clawing at your insides. But it was immediately drowned out by the overwhelming sensation still gnawing at you. Your stomach churned, your body aching, but every part of you—every part—hungered for more. There was no denying it now.

Ishmael's smirk deepened, and her eyes gleamed with something sharp, almost predatory, as she adjusted her grip on the staff. The power around it crackled again, pulsing with energy, and you could feel the anticipation building in the room like a storm on the horizon.

"To think a Rabbit this pathetic made it out of the hatchery," she said, her voice suddenly low, almost predatory. Her words were laced with contempt, a subtle but undeniable venom. "But since you're so eager —"

Before you could even brace yourself, the staff swung again, the jagged arc of electricity crackling through the air. The strike hit with brutal precision, slamming into you and sending you spiraling once again into the electric abyss.

Pain. Ecstasy. You couldn't distinguish one from the other as your body seized, every inch of you screaming, and yet your mind was awash in a haze of pleasure that bordered on dangerous. You tried to scream, to push away the overwhelming power coursing through you, but it was as if the very air was charged with it, drowning out all thoughts but the incessant hum of electricity.

And Ishmael just watched. She stood there with that smug, satisfied smirk playing at the corners of her lips, her gaze never leaving you. She seemed utterly unfazed by the toll it was taking on you—almost enjoying it.

Time lost meaning as the minutes bled into each other. You could barely tell where your body ended and the crackling energy began. It felt as though she was taking her time now—letting the charge build in her staff, drawing out each moment like an artist savoring their brushstroke.

The anticipation twisted like a knife in your gut as each second stretched painfully into the next. The moments between strikes felt like an eternity, the room echoing with the pulsing hum of power that filled the space. Ishmael was savoring this, the way you trembled under the intensity of it all.

Her voice was tender, smooth and full of superiority, each word dripping with condescension. "You must really enjoy making a fool of yourself," she mused, her words almost playful. "You're not a soldier—you're just some desperate little bunny, begging for another hit."

The insult was sharp, but it didn't quite land where she intended. The words hurt, sure, but not in the way she expected. It was as though every word she spoke only fed the hunger inside you, pushing you further into the chaos of sensation. You were no longer just a soldier. You weren't even sure you were anything at all, other than this. This need.

"I'm not a fool," you managed to rasp between gritted teeth, the words barely recognizable through the sheer overload of energy coursing through you. You forced your body to stay upright, hands trembling as you tried to push against the agony. "I'm not weak. I'm—"

The next strike came before you could finish your thought.

You didn't respond, couldn't respond. Every thought, every coherent idea was drowned out by the relentless surge of electricity weaving its way through your body, tearing apart the very fabric of your consciousness. The world felt like it was slipping between your fingers—nothing but raw, unfiltered sensation remained. Every nerve fired off in chaotic bursts, each jolt of energy sending waves of violent pleasure and pain crashing through you. You were drowning in it, overwhelmed by it, but in the deepest part of you, you wanted more. It wasn't just about the physical agony anymore. It was about the rush—the way the energy coursed through you like a drug.

And Ishmael? She was an observer, a silent judge, measuring just how far she could push you. Her gaze was steady, unfeeling, the way you imagined a predator might regard a prey animal—curious, calculating, and entirely confident. She didn't hurry; she didn't rush. No, she was savoring every moment, testing the limits of your delinquincy. Each strike was deliberate, each pause calculated, as if she were toying with you, seeing how much you could handle before you broke.

Finally, after the last strike, the room seemed to hold its breath. The

air, thick with the residual crackling energy, began to dissipate. The world around you seemed to return to normal—but only just. You lay on the floor, every muscle twitching in aftershocks. Your body burned with a pain that was nearly unbearable, yet somehow, not enough to make you stop. You fought to breathe, your chest rising and falling in uneven, shaky gasps, but your mind? It was already slipping back into the haze of sensation, desperately craving that next high. You knew you should feel devastated, defeated, but all you could focus on was the high that still pulsed through your veins.

Then Ishmael's presence was near again. You couldn't focus enough to turn your head, but you felt her crouch beside you, the sharp tap of her staff against your shoulder like an electric jolt itself. Your muscles spasmed, involuntarily, still reacting to the last charge, every touch magnified a thousand times.

"That's enough," she said, her voice slicing through the fog in your brain. The cold neutrality in her tone was like a bucket of ice water—jarring, sobering. "You got what you wanted."

Did you?

The craving still burned inside you, deep and insistent. You could feel it—the hunger, the need for more. It was a gnawing thing, twisting in your gut. It hadn't been enough, not nearly. But you knew better than to push. Ishmael was done for now. She had indulged your madness just long enough to prove her point, to show you that this wasn't a thing any reasonable person would do. Pressing her any further, pushing for that next strike, would only shut her down completely. And you needed her—needed this—to continue.

You lay there for a moment, gathering your thoughts, struggling to slow your breathing. The tingling in your skin, the remnants of her electric assault, was still there. Your body was still shaking, but it felt like something deeper had changed inside you. Something more than just physical pain.

Then, without a word, Ishmael rose to her feet, her boots echoing against the metal floor. Her footsteps, cold and final, resonated in the silence that followed, and the door to the training room slid shut behind her with a soft hiss.

You stayed there for a moment longer, the metallic scent of ionized air lingering in your nostrils, the buzz of static still vibrating through your nerves. She had left you with more than just the lingering

aftershocks of her strikes. She had left you with the knowledge that you could handle it—could withstand the energy that had once seemed so overwhelming. But now, you also knew that it wasn't just about handling it.

You wanted more.

Ishmael thought she'd ended it. Thought she'd gotten through to you with her cool indifference, with her control. She thought she'd satisfied whatever twisted desire you had when she left you broken on the floor. But all she had done was give you a taste. And now, that hunger had taken root in you, and there was no ignoring it.

That was what you thought at least.

"Swing by my quarters after lights out if you want to continue your 'training', Rabbit. If you can handle it that is."

The challenge lingered in your mind, like an itch you couldn't scratch. It had started as a test of endurance, a twisted form of training that had left you broken and craving more. But now? It felt like chasing a dream, something dangerous, and yet the hunger for it—for her—had only grown. The temptation gnawed at you, relentless, whispering in the back of your mind. You had to go.

So, against every instinct screaming at you to turn back, you did. You snuck out of the Rabbit barracks, the cold night air brushing against your skin, making your heart race with a mix of excitement and dread. The base was quiet at this hour, the lights dimmed, and shadows stretching long across the metal hallways. The only sound was the soft echo of your boots on the steel floors, a rhythmic thump that matched the frantic beat of your pulse.

When you reached Ishmael's quarters, your hand hesitated over the door, but only for a moment. The consequences of being caught didn't matter anymore. The risk had become part of the allure—the danger made it real. It was only when you knocked, the sound crisp and deliberate in the stillness of the night, that the gravity of the situation fully settled on you.

For a long beat, there was silence. Then, the door slid open with a soft hiss, revealing Ishmael. She stood in the doorway, her imposing figure framed by the dim light behind her. Her armor wasn't on, but the power that radiated from her was unmistakable. Her expression was unreadable, cool, calculated, but there was something in the way her eyes flickered over you that made your breath catch.

“You showed up,” she said, voice even, but there was an edge to it now, like a predator savoring its prey. “Of course you did.”

You didn’t know what to say. All the words you’d practiced, the bravado you’d prepared, seemed to evaporate in the face of her calm authority. Instead, you stepped inside, unspoken understanding passing between you.

The door slid shut behind you with a soft, ominous thud.

She didn’t move right away, just studied you with that inscrutable gaze, but you could feel the weight of her presence pressing in on you. The tension in the room thickened, the air charged with the same electric anticipation that had thrummed through your body during the previous training session.

You opened your mouth to speak, to remind her—to remind yourself—that you weren’t just any soldier. You were a Rabbit. You could take the hits. You were built for this. Rabbits didn’t flinch. Rabbits didn’t back down.

But the words died in your throat as Ishmael’s staff made contact with your chest. Just a tap, but it felt like a jolt of electricity had surged through you. The sensation shot straight through your body, a crackle of energy that rippled outward from the point of contact. You could feel it—every inch of it.

For a split second, your breath hitched, and the heat in your body surged higher. The surge of energy made your limbs tremble, your heart stutter in its rhythm. The anticipation, the hunger for the next hit, only deepened. You tried to swallow the feeling back down, but it was impossible.

You bit your lip, trying to push past it, trying to maintain that façade of control. You were here for training. For endurance. For strength. But that tap—that single, unassuming tap—had cracked something wide open inside you.

You almost moaned out, the sound slipping free before you could catch it. The sensation made your skin tingle, your body ache for more, and you knew that if you let it go on, it would consume you. But you couldn’t stop yourself now.

Ishmael, standing there with a smug, quiet satisfaction in her expression, was watching you closely. She knew. She knew exactly what effect her presence—and her touch—had on you.

“Having second thoughts, Rabbit?” Her voice was laced with that infuriating tone, like she was toying with you, playing with your restraint.

You struggled to regain composure, but the craving inside you was undeniable. "I'm not... backing down." The words came out harsher than you intended, almost a growl, as you forced yourself to look her in the eye.

Her eyes flickered with amusement, but her expression remained the same cold, detached mask. "You can’t even handle a tap, yet you talk about pride and strength? Your funeral."

You were standing there, your chest heaving slightly, your skin still tingling from that first tap. Your mind was a mess—conflicted, desperate, and wired all at once. Ishmael's gaze was locked on you, her finger hovering dangerously close to the trigger, the anticipation hanging thick in the air. The staff pulsed with energy, crackling faintly, teasing you with the promise of more.

The longer she held her finger in place, the more it felt like the world was closing in on you, suffocating you with the weight of something that wasn't there. Your heart raced in your chest, blood pounding in your ears. You could feel your breath come in shallow gasps, the craving gnawing at the back of your mind, the addictive pull of the electricity still sparking in your nerves. It was gonna happen, any second now. Now? No... What about—

She dragged the staff slowly across your torso, the cold metal gliding over the reinforced plating of your suit, then up toward the softer fabric beneath your collar. Every motion was deliberate, almost lazy, but your body reacted as if the current was already flowing through it. You twitched, breath hitching, your nerves misfiring in anticipation of a shock that never came.

Ishmael watched the way you trembled, the way your muscles tensed instinctively under the mere suggestion of power. That smug little smirk tugged at the corner of her lips again.

"Hmph." She tapped the end of the staff against your ribs—not hard, but firm enough to make you flinch. "You’re reacting to nothing, you know."

You knew that. But it didn’t change the way your body responded, didn’t stop the phantom electricity from crawling over your skin. The residual shocks still clung to you, and she knew it. Knew exactly what

she was doing, keeping you teetering on that razor-thin edge between expectation and reality.

She trailed the staff lower, letting it rest against your abdomen, her finger hovering mockingly over the trigger. You couldn't tear your eyes away from it, from that moment of decision, from the sheer anticipation. Would she press it? Would she leave you waiting?

You swallowed hard, hands gripping the sides of your suit. "Ishmael —"

Her smirk widened. "Ask for it."

The words sent a new wave of static rolling through you—whether it was real or imagined, you weren't even sure anymore.

The words hung in the air like a challenge. A dare. She wanted you to say it. To admit it out loud, to strip away the pretense and just say it. The thing that was gnawing at you. The thing that you had tried to bury under layers of pride and duty.

You hesitated, for just a moment, and in that pause, everything you had been holding back—the restraint, the resolve—seemed to crack, splintering apart under the weight of her gaze. There was no turning back now. The hunger, the need, the craving for whatever she was offering—it was all too much.

The staff still hovered there, ready to strike, but she wasn't going to give you the release you wanted until you spoke.

"I'm here to feel it," you whispered, the words slipping out before you could stop them. "I want to feel it again. I want to feel everything, all of it."

Ishmael's smirk deepened, her gaze flicking over you as if she was deciding whether or not to acknowledge the vulnerability in your admission. She didn't say anything at first, just watched you with those cool, calculating eyes.

Then, with an almost imperceptible shift, she moved.

Her finger finally pressed against the trigger. The staff came to life in an instant, arcs of electricity crackling up its length, sending a surge of raw power straight through you.

This time, it wasn't a tap. It was everything.

You barely managed to brace yourself as the shock hit, your body locking up and convulsing under the force of it. The world exploded into light and sound, your senses overwhelmed as the current raced through your limbs, coursing through your very bones. It felt like your whole body was being torn apart and remade in an instant, every fiber of your being stretched and burned by the raw energy.

And yet, as much as it hurt, as much as it ravaged you, there was a part of you—a part that had been waiting for this, craving this—that wanted it.

You let out a gasp, your chest heaving as the shockwave faded, leaving you gasping for breath, every muscle twitching from the aftershock. Ishmael stood over you, watching, unfazed by the wreckage she had just created.

"But remember, Rabbit. You asked for it."

The world still buzzed around you, your body trembling from the aftershocks of the electricity. Every movement felt like a slow-motion blur, too much and not enough at the same time. Ishmael's grip on your arm was steady, her touch firm as she guided you deeper into the room, your mind barely registering the motion. Your legs barely cooperated as she pulled you forward, the raw energy still coursing through your body, making every step feel like it came from someone else.

And then, with a sudden, almost dismissive shove, she pushed you down onto the bed. The impact wasn't harsh, but it sent a shockwave through your body—your head spinning, vision still swimming. You were aware of nothing except the tingling in your skin, the overwhelming thrum in your blood, and Ishmael's presence looming over you like a predator circling its prey.

Before you could even think, before you could even process what was happening, she leaned over you. With a single hand she undid your tactical belt and harness, stripping them to the side before grabbing at the hem of your body suit. Lifting it up, she pushed forwards, the cold edge of her staff pressed against your stomach again, the electric crackle from its length alive and hungry. Your body jerked in response, a reflex born from too many jolts in too little time, but it wasn't the staff that caught your attention.

It was her antlers.

The tips of them were inches from your face, glowing faintly in the

low light of the room. Without thinking, without truly understanding what you were doing, your hands shot out, fingers grasping for something—anything—to steady yourself. Because you could already tell this next one would be big.

A sharp breath escaped you as your fingers curled around them, the heat of the power radiating from them immediately igniting a new wave of sensation inside your chest. The faint hum of the electricity was palpable, like you could feel it in your bones before it even fully sparked.

Ishmael's expression darkened slightly. The smirk that had lingered on her lips earlier was gone, replaced by something sharper, more controlled. She didn't pull away. In fact, the moment your hands made contact with the antlers, she let out a quiet chuckle, low and mocking.

"Bad idea," she murmured, her voice carrying an edge of warning. But there was no pity in it. No hesitation.

Then, without any further warning, she activated the electricity stored in the tips of her antlers.

It hit you like a thunderclap.

The surge of power was far more intense than anything you'd experienced before. Your entire body locked up in an instant, every nerve firing in overload. The pulse of electricity wasn't just in your muscles—it was everywhere. Every inch of your skin screamed with the shock, your nerves buzzing, your body writhing beneath the relentless surge.

Your fingers spasmed on her antlers, trying to pull away, but they were already trapped, your touch binding you to the source of the power. The crackling energy from her antlers flowed into you like a river, filling your body with violent warmth, buzzing through your veins like liquid fire.

The sensation was raw, terrifying, and exhilarating all at once. Your mind couldn't keep up with the pace of it—thoughts scrambled, racing, then blurring as the force of the shock overtook everything. All you could do was feel it, endure it, drown in it.

But even as you fought to breathe through it, to keep your grip, she knew it was exactly what you wanted. That yearning for the burn, the crackle, the release—it filled you up in ways you couldn't even understand.

Ishmael's gaze never wavered, her eyes fixed on you with a cool, almost detached amusement. She let the electricity surge for what felt like an eternity, savoring the chaos she had unleashed in you.

You couldn't let go. You didn't want to.

Your body refused to cooperate, every nerve still alight with residual shocks. Your limbs twitched uncontrollably, muscles spasming at random as if they were still caught in the aftershocks of her power. You were barely aware of how wrecked you must have looked—flat on your back, eyes unfocused, chest heaving. Somewhere in the chaos of it all, your nose had started bleeding, crimson streaks trailing down your lips and staining your chin.

Ishmael sighed, and before you could even process the movement, she reached down and wiped the blood away with her thumb. The touch was surprisingly gentle—almost careful. Almost.

Then, just as quickly, she slapped you across the face.

Not hard enough to truly hurt, but enough to send another jolt through your over-sensitive nerves, your body jerking in response. Your vision snapped back into focus, your mind clawing its way out of the fog.

"Look alive," she said flatly, her tone as cold and pragmatic as ever. "This is training in case I accidentally misfire in future missions."

Accidentally. Sure.

You swallowed, blinking past the haze. Every inch of you still felt raw, like your skin was too tight over your bones, your heartbeat erratic. Yet, through it all, that familiar hunger still lingered, coiling tight in your gut.

Ishmael straightened, resting her staff casually against her shoulder as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The energy around her had settled, the previous charge dissipated, but you knew she could summon it again in an instant.

"You're still breathing," she mused, tilting her head. "That's something."

You licked your lips, tasting copper. Then, despite yourself, despite everything—despite the sheer absurdity of it all—you grinned.

"So," you rasped, voice hoarse, "when’s the next lesson?"

Ishmael clicked her tongue, shaking her head as she turned away. "Tch. You Rabbits really don’t know when to quit."

But she didn’t say no.

End Notes

Mlem

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!